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CLEVELAND WILL NOT VOTE FOR MCKINLEY.

Says He Would Not Support His Brother if a Republican.

Does the President Hint at the Need of a Gold Bolt at Chicago?

With the Doors of Both Big Parties Closed to Him, What Will He Do?

His Supporters Now Admit That the Chances Favor a Split in the Democratic Party.

SILVER'S HOLD ON WASHINGTON

Colonel Fellows Says That Free Coinage Will Sweep New York This Fall—John R. McLean's Presidential Boom.

By Alfred Henry Lewis.
Washington, June 28.—"Never will I vote for McKinley," said President Cleveland yesterday to one of his Cabinet. "Never will I vote the Republican ticket or for any man, even my brother, who might be named thereon."

Now, that's clear, and offers a field for rumormongers. What then will Cleveland do? Free silver, 16 to 1, he ruefully admits, is coming at Chicago. Will he eat financial crow and vote for it? Will he head a bolt "not vote for golden rebellion to his party?" will our publicist go fishing?

It is a pity country debating societies have no room in Summer. "What will Cleveland do?" would make a splendid subject for debate. At any rate he says he will not swallow McKinley.

Gloom in the Cabinet.

The Cabinet is sad, separately and in the aggregate. It was my purpose to ask these Medicine Men of the Administration what they thought of the game as far as it had gone, and what was proposed by way of the threshold alteration to the silver bill, on the threshold of which a misguided public stood. I resolved on a grand round of Cabinet chess. It was out of season, but no matter.

I rang Carlisle's bell with confidence. The great Treasurer could at least point the shortest way to the tallest timber, and that of itself would be a good thing. I was received, but my reception dampened my spirits. Carlisle was there, and sat, pale and wan, by a window. He seemed distraught, and life was not charming him. The wick of hope burned low in Carlisle and needed trimming.

"Have you seen Whitney's letter?" I asked.

Carlisle turned wearily to his son. "Tell him," said Carlisle to the latter, "that I don't feel well, and would wish to be excused from replying to any questions."

Carlisle's Answer by Proxy.
"Father does not care to be questioned," repeated the son. As the great Secretary was in the same room, and not ten feet away from me, all the time, the son's communication did not startle or surprise me. I had feared as much.

"Has your father read Whitney's letter?"

"Yes, father has read it."

"What does he think of it?" I asked.

"He has not thought of it," was the reply.

Olney Could Not Speak.

Turning from Carlisle's home to Olney's I forwarded a card to him through the kindness of a very British butler who filled up the door frame in response to my ring. The very English butler returned presently to say that Olney trusted all newspapers would respect his privacy. He did not, could not answer questions just now.

Wilson was at Long Branch, Lamont out of town, Harmon no one knew where, while the sagacious Herbert and Morton, whose appetites still survived the crash of golden matter and the wreck of golden worlds, were abroad in the land at dinner. Hoke Smith was the kindest of all. But dodging behind the illness of his youngest child, just reported to him from Georgia, he begged to be excused, and said he was to take the evening train for Atlanta, and was asking and answering no questions which did not relate to his homeward trip.

Thus stood the Cabinet that will be at Chicago. They are all plunged in gloom. Unless Cleveland lets off a few Cuban sky-rockets soon—and many say he will the coming week—the Administration will soon be lost to sight in the murky midnight of no hope which is settling down upon it.

Whether from an excess of conviction that silver is dominant and all lost save honor, or no, one cannot say; but, whatever the cause, it is certain that gloom and a dark despair hang over Cleveland and his administration like a pall. No one goes near our President; no one gets word from him. He is buried from the world, thinking what, planning what, no man knows. And as a result, conjecture springs to its feet and begins to run.

Talking of a Third Term.
The word of Washington talking to itself makes no doubt of one thing. It believes that Cleveland aims at a third term, not in 1896, but in 1900. Chatter runs in this sort and I have heard a dozen wilder words of government go clattering up and down upon it like trick ponies up and down a set of property stairs.

Cleveland will run for the Presidency as long as he lives. He will never get the White House hanker out of his mouth, never be cured of the White House habit. He will try with damn and wit eight and four years ago he did with tariff. Cleveland sorted a

Continued on Second Page.

ARMED MEN REACH CUBA.

Steamer Three Friends Lands a Big Force Abundantly Equipped with War Materials.

Key West, June 28.—One hundred men and a great quantity of arms and ammunition were landed last Monday night near Rosario, on the northern coast of the Province of Pinar del Rio. The expedition sailed from Jacksonville on the steamer Three Friends Thursday morning, June 18. Last Sunday afternoon the Three Friends approached the Cuban coast, but was forced to put to sea, owing to the appearance of two Spanish cruisers.

Monday night the filibuster again approached the coast, and after her signals were answered, put in near Rosario, and succeeded in safely landing the men and arms under cover of a strong column from Antonio Maceo's army. The expedition was commanded by Colonel Lete Vidal, a Cuban veteran. Julio Zaraga was second in command. Several Americans, including Pearce Atkinson, of Jacksonville; John Floyd, of Columbus, Ga., and Ira Farley, of Cleveland, were in the expedition. Floyd and Farley are sons of wealthy parents.

The munitions landed consisted of 750,000 cartridges, 2,000 rifles, 700 revolvers, 800 machetes, three Hotchkiss field pieces and a large quantity of dynamite and powder. After landing the Three Friends sailed for the Florida coast, where she was to meet the City of Richmond, receive the men and arms on the latter and take them to Cuba. This plan, however, failed, owing to the seizure of the two vessels by the cutter Winona.

SIX DROWNED IN THE LAKE

A Sudden Squall Upsets a Yacht, and of a Party of Nine on Board Only Three Escaped.

Oconto, Wis., June 28.—It was learned here late last night that six persons had been drowned on Shawano Lake during a gale last evening. A party, consisting of O. A. Risum and wife, Louis Gokey, wife and child, of Pulacner; Miss Emma Garbrecht, of Shawano, and Miss Margaret Crowe, of St. Nazien, started from Cecil about 5 o'clock in Mr. Risum's yacht for a few days' outing on the north shore of the lake.

When about three miles from shore the boat was capsize by a sudden squall and the party thrown into the water. Mr. Risum and Mr. Drackrey clung to the bottom of the boat for nearly five hours, the latter holding the Gokey child in his arms. All three were finally rescued. The bodies of the other six have not been recovered.

GOEZ ENVOYS IN BOSTON

Two Cubans There Are Believed to Be Fitting Out a Big Filibustering Expedition.

Boston, June 28.—There is great excitement among the Spaniards in this city today over a rumor that two Cuban messengers from General Gomez, the leader of the Cuban army, are in this city, and are to go to New York to complete arrangements for the fitting out of a large filibustering steamer. This steamer, it is alleged, is to sail from somewhere along the Massachusetts coast.

The messages received here are to the effect that this expedition will be the largest ever sent out from any port. The harbor police say that two steamers that arrived during the week off Long Wharf, the Kitty, commanded by Captain Olson, and the Taft, commanded by Captain Carroberts, are regarded with suspicion in connection with this filibustering rumor.

IMPALED ON A PICKET.

Joseph Dalton Tried to Leap Over an Iron Fence, but Failed—He Hung Suspended Until Help Came.

Joseph Dalton, a thirteen-year-old lad, of No. 323 Oakland street, Greenpoint, succeeded in impaling himself on the sharp picket of an iron fence while at play near his home yesterday afternoon. He was unable to release himself, and his companions came to his assistance, raising the half-unconscious boy, and, after setting him free, carrying him to his home.

The blood flowed from a deep wound in the right side, and the ambulance surgeon who came from the Eastern District Hospital said that he was severely injured, and must be removed to the hospital at once.

According to the story told by an eye-witness of the accident, there were several boys with young Dalton. They were testing their agility in jumping from the curbstone. Finally, tiring of this, one of them proposed that they all make a run and jump over the picket fence. They did so, and all cleared it in safety except young Dalton. His feet passed over, but his side struck against one of the pickets, the sharp prong of which entered his flesh. Some of the boys ran away, while others went to his assistance, but not before watching him for some moments in open-mouthed wonder.

GOING TO GRAY GABLES.

The President Will Probably Leave Washington Tomorrow Morning.

Washington, June 28.—Unless something new entirely unforeseen should happen to change his plans, there is every probability that the President will leave here Tuesday morning for Gray Gables, where he will remain for the Summer.

The present week is likely also to witness a very general departure of Cabinet officials, whose presence in Washington is not regarded by them as absolutely necessary during the period of mid-summer heat and stagnation.

CHASED HIM FOR TWO MILES.

John J. Trapp, While Out Driving with a Young Woman, Had an Exciting Time.

Ex-Town Clerk John J. Trapp, of White-stone Landing, L. I., and Miss Annie Pierce while riding from church yesterday were stopped by three excited Polish farmers named Zambekski, who claimed Trapp had run into their buggy, smashing it and injuring their horse.

They were so threatening that Mr. Trapp feared violence and drove away. One of them jumped upon his horse and pursued Mr. Trapp over two miles. The chase ended with considerable damage to the Zambekski's riding bareback and without hat or coat.

DYNAMITE FOR CUBA'S CAPITAL.

The Insurgents Serve Formal Notice on Families to Leave the City.

Havana to Be Completely Wiped Out If Necessary to Drive Spain Away.

Recent Explosions Testify That It Is No Vain Threat Which the Patriots Have Made.

TERRY NOW FOR INDEPENDENCE.

The Millionaire Sugar Planter and the Recently Elected Senator Giberger Henceforward to Work for Separation.

By General Bradley T. Johnson.

Havana, June 27, via Key West, June 28.

The revolutionists have formally served notice on the people of Havana that plans have been completed and will be carried

respondents did not write up the barbarities committed by the insurgents as well as those committed by the Spaniards. About that time my attention was called to the report of a combat in which twenty-five volunteers had been surprised by insurgents. Seven of them were killed, three wounded and three, including the commanding officer, taken prisoners.

The fight occurred near Cardenas on June 4. The detachment of volunteers had left the Precioso plantations to escort three soldiers who had been summoned to go to Cardenas to the boat landing at Jiguapa. After the soldiers had embarked the volunteers started to return to Precioso, but before going far the insurgents fell upon them. Only twelve of the twenty-five Spaniards succeeded in getting safely back to the estate whence they had come. An alarm was immediately sent to Cardenas, and a column of regular troops came to the rescue, but only to pick up the seven dead and two wounded volunteers.

Pardoned by Insurgents.
The report was given out that the lieutenant who commanded the volunteers and two of the privates had been carried off to be either hanged or cut up with machetes, but the day following the officer and his three men turned up in Cardenas without a scratch, telling how they had been tried by a court-martial and then pardoned.

Since the story was published I have been able to communicate with one of the insurgents belonging to a company operating between here and Cardenas, and he has kindly furnished me with a copy of the summing up of the court-martial which tried the three prisoners. This document shows a

POLICE PISTOL ENDS BAD LIFE.

Thomas Thornton, Brother of the Song Writer, Shot in the Street.

His Wife, Who Saw the Tragedy, Calls It a Cruel, Unlawful Deed.

Other Witnesses Declare That the Man Attacked the Bluecoat and Merited His Fate.

POLICEMAN'S NAME IS ALLINGHAM.

The Widow of the Dead Man Sent to the Workhouse—He, with His Brother John, Had, It Is Said, Attempted Robbery.

Thomas Thornton, a brother of James Thornton, the vaudeville artist, was shot through the heart and instantly killed at an early hour yesterday morning by Policeman William J. Allingham, of the West Twentieth Street Station. The officer

front of No. 242 West Twentieth street, where we found a man named Claus A. Melander. He was bleeding profusely from his nose, which was greatly swollen, and also from a wound on the jaw. I asked him if he knew the two men. He said he did, and that they had just knocked him down and that one of them—he pointed to Thomas Thornton—had put his hand in his pocket, but had been frightened away by his cries for help.

"I ordered Melander," continued the policeman, "to come to the station house and make a complaint, and told the two men they were prisoners. I had taken my club out and put it under my left arm when I first heard the cries for help, and it was there when I told the two men they were under arrest. I took the taller man, Thomas Thornton, by the coat collar with my right hand and had hold of the other one with my left hand. We had gone but a few feet when the taller one said: 'Let's take a chance, John,' and both then attempted to tear themselves free. The tall man managed to do so and snatched my club from under my arm."

Why He Drew His Pistol.
"Give me that club," I called out, as I drew my revolver. "I don't afraid of your revolver," the man replied, advancing toward me, with the club raised. The other man then said: 'Give it to him, Tom!' I was backing off, but hung on to the other prisoner while the fellow with the club was advancing toward me. When just about to strike me I fired, and he dropped like a log. Other officers then came up and carried the body to the station, while the prisoner came along quietly."

SCORES OF MEN ENTOMBED IN A COAL MINE.

Eighty Surely, Perhaps More Than a Hundred, Have Perished.

Pittston Was Shaken as if by a Tremendous Earthquake.

There Was an Explosion of Gas, Followed by a Cave-In.

All Attempts at Rescue Have Thus Far Been Futile, and There Is Little Hope.

ONLY THREE MEN HAVE ESCAPED.

Large Gangs Were at Work Propping Up the Levels in the Twin Shaft When the Catastrophe Occurred—Superintendents Among the Lost.

Pittston, Pa., June 28.—This town, nine miles north of Wilkesbarre, is the scene of what is surely the most disastrous mine accident that has occurred in the anthracite region since the great disaster of Avondale in 1906, and it is not yet certain that the present calamity will not exceed in its death toll that of twenty-seven years ago. In the Avondale disaster 120 lives were lost, and the victims of to-day's accident, while they will certainly number eighty, may reach as high as 130. The following is a partial list of those who can be counted upon as having perished:

- LIST OF THE DEAD.
M. J. LANGAN, mine superintendent and Mayor pro tem of Pittston, married, leaves a wife and ten children.
M. F. LYNETT, line foreman, married, seven children.
ALEXANDER MCCORMICK, fire boss, married, ten children.
THOMAS TENPENNY, assistant fire boss, married, three children.
THOMAS CARDON, assistant fire boss, leaves a wife.
JOHN OBERLIE, assistant fire boss, two children.
ANTHONY KANE, driver boss, single.
THOMAS MURPHY, driver boss, widower.
CONDY M'GUIRE, track layer, married, four children.
JOHN GILL, married, two children.
MICHAEL HUGHES, night fire boss,



Shooting of Thomas Thornton by Policeman Allingham.
claims he had placed Thornton under arrest, and that the man had torn his club from him and was attempting to strike him when he fired the shot. The police officials say the officer's action was justifiable under the circumstances, but the dead man's wife and his brother John, who were present, characterized the killing as a brutal murder.

"I was patrolling my post, on West Twentieth street, and was near Eighth avenue, about 2:15 a. m.," said Policeman Allingham, in describing the affair, "when I heard cries for help from the direction of Seventh avenue. I should judge the cries came from about the middle of the block, and I started toward that point when I saw two men running toward me. I heard a voice from the north side of the street cry: 'Stop those men; they have just robbed a man!'"

He Sprang Upon the Men.
"I stepped into the shade of a building, and as the men reached me I jumped out and caught them. I took them back to the



- married, one child.
JAMES DAILY, footman, single.
MICHAEL CONNELL, footman, single.
JOHN HART, footman, single.
M. GAUGHAN, footman, single.
JAMES GOLDEN, married, two children.
JAMES WALLA, married, eight children.
JOHN KEHOE, married, six children, and his son Frank.
EDWARD DELANEY, married, four children.
PETER MARTIN, laborer, single.
MARTIN GILBIDE, laborer, single.
DOMINICK O'MALLEY, miner, single.
JAMES M'DONALD, married, two children.
THOMAS BARRETT, miner, single.
JOHN and THOMAS GAFFNEY, brothers, former single, latter married, seven children.
PETER JOYCE, laborer, single.
PETER KELLY, laborer, single.
JOHN SILVESTER, married, three children.
PATRICK COSTELLO, miner, single.
T. F. O'BRIEN, wife, no children.
TIMOTHY DERRIG, laborer, single.
PATRICK RUANE, married, single.
JAMES BURKE, laborer, single.
MICHAEL BURKE, miner, single.
EDWARD KILDEA, miner, single.
THOMAS DUEW, single.
ROBERT HAST, single.